THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 2, 1805.

Some Account of Mr. John Collyer, the Author of the Lancashire Dialect.

THIS comical and truly original genius was born at Harrison's Fold, near Warrington. His father was a clergyman, who, having only a small curacy, became a school-master, and continued to teach for many years. The joint income of the two pursuits enabled him to bring up a large family in a respectable manner, but unfortunately losing his sight about the fortieth year of his age, the intention which he had formed of bringing up his son John to the church was frustrated, and the youth was accordingly apprenticed to a Dutch-loom weaver, at which business he was employed about twelve months, but disliking so sedentary an occupation, he prevailed upon his master to release him, when he commenced an itinerant school-master, and afterwards became assistant to Mr. Pearson, of Milnrow, near Rochdale, whom he also succeeded as master of the school.

In his leisure hours he practised himself in music and drawing, and soon became such a proficient as to be capable of giving instruction to others. On the hautboy and common flute he was supposed to excel most provincial performers. He likewise drew landscapes in a superior style, and attempted some heads in profile; but his natural comic humour led him to slight the painting of faces, unless he was permitted to give them a dash at the caricature. In the latter way he employed no small portion of his time to a very good account, sending his pieces when finished to the different inns in the neighbouring towns, with the prices affixed to them, and the landlords becoming his agents; these were bought up with extreme avidity by riders and others who frequented that country, and or-

ders were sent to him from Liverpool and other places; and many of his most curious groups were sent on speculation abroad, particularly to the East Indies. Early in life he discovered some talent for poetry, or rather an easy habit for humourous rhyme, in which he was sure to attack every particularly absurd or eccentric character. The first regular poetic composition which he published was the Blackbird, containing a spirited and sarcastic ridicule upon a Lancashire justice of the peace, more remarkable for political zeal and ill-timed loyalty, than for good sense, judgment, or discretion.

His wife, or, as he used to term her, his crooked rib, was the daughter of a Mr. Clay, of Flocton, near Huddersfield, and proved herself a virtuous, discreet, prudent, sensible woman, a good wife, and an excellent mother of a large and almost annually increasing family. The increasing demand upon his industry, in consequence thereof, obliged him to relinquish, in a great measure, his hautboy, flute, and amusing pencil, and seriously to use the brush and pallet to a more lucrative purpose: his leisure time was now filled up with painting altar-pieces for chapels, and signs for public houses; but his most profitable pursuit was copying dame nature in her most grotesque sportings with the human race, especially where she had made particularly free with the visage, into which he was sure to blend some striking features, the creation of his own fancy, and which were sure to excite surprise and risibility in the beholder. The large demands made upon him for these pieces, and the encouragement he met with from the purchasers, has often induced him to say, that if ever providence meant him to be a rich man this would have been the time, especially if she had furnished him with two pair of hands instead of one; but the idea of laying up a store never entered poor Tim's head; a cheerful glass and a social companion were temptations not to be resisted.

His View of the Lancashire Dialect, in the adventures of a Lancashire clown, formed from some rustic sports and gambols, and whimsical modes of circulating mirth and merriment, at the expence of silly Tony Lumpkins, amongst the then cheery gentlemen of that peculiar neighbourhood, was drawn by him, after having collected from the rustics during his excursions, all the awkward, vulgar, obsolete words and local expressions, which ever occurred to him, of which he formed a glossary or vocabulary. The rapid sale of this work soon required a second edition; and, much to his vexation, one or two pirated editions appeared, which made him exclaim violently against the printers, and declare there was not an honest man amongst them; and afterwards, in his preface, to lash them with his keen sarcastic pen, and which also contained some smart lashes upon the reviewers.

The

The above-named performances, his drawings, caricatures, and satires, spread his name through Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire. His peculiar vein of pleasantry in his hours of relaxation, induced many gentlemen when in the neighbourhood to send for him to an inn, to have a personal specimen of his uncommon drollery; and his hosts were seldom disappointed, for he had a wonderful flow of spirits, with an inexhaustible fund of native, genuine, Falstaffian humour.

Amongst many others who noticed and admired Tim, was a Mr. Richard Hill, of Kibroid and Halifax, a considerable clothier and manufacturer of baizes and shalloons, who thinking Collyer would be useful to him as his principal clerk in business, from his being remarkably ready in accounts, and writing a most beautiful small hand in any kind of type, especially an imitation of printed characters, after several fruitless attempts, at last, by offers of an extravagant salary, prevailed upon Mr. Collyer to enter into articles of service for three years certain, and to take his family to Kibroid; but the confinement which he found his new situation subjected him to, by no means suited his volatile disposition; he very soon repented of his agreement —the secession from his former habits of relaxation preyed upon his spirits, joviality and jocularity fled from his presence, and he sighed after his old school, his old seats, his old companions—in fact, to be restored to his former situation. This being made known to Mr. Hill, he acquainted him, if he found himself uneasy in the situation, he might regain his liberty at the end of twelve months—which arriving, Tim set off without tarrying for to-morrow. Hiring a large Yorkshire cart to bring away bag and baggage, he arrived by six o'clock the next morning at his own house at Milnrow. When arrived on the west side of Blackstone-edge, he thought himself once more a free man, and his heart was as light as a feather.

Being replaced in possession of his former school, through the friendship of Richard Townley, Esq. (who had kept it vacant for him) and replaced himself in his tottering elbow chair, he declared that no temptation of emolument or profit should ever induce him again to quit the humble village of Milnrow, but that he would use additional diligence with his pencil, brush, and pen, to make up the deficiency in his family's income. This resolution he strictly adhered to, and the inns of Rochdale and Littleborough were soon enlivened and ornamented with a display of ugly grinning old fellows, and mumbling old women on broomsticks, &c.

His remarks on Mr. Whitaker's History of Manchester, in two parts, was, I believe, his last literary production, in which there appears a very large share of his usual acumen.

He died at the age of near eighty years, in possession of his mental powers, which were but little impaired, and his eyes not

so much injured as might have been expected, from such a severe use of them during so long a period of time. His wife died a few years before him. Mr. Collyer left three sons and two daughters behind him: the sons were all attached to the pallet and brush, but in different branches of the mimitic art.

The following whimsical epitaph was written by and intended for himself:

A yard beneath this heavy stone,
Lies Jack-of-all-trades, good at none,
A weaver first, and then schoolmaster,
A scrivener next—then poetaster.
A painter, graver, and a fluter;
And fame doth whisper, a C——r;
An author, carver, and hedge-clark:
E whoo-who-whoo, whot whosoo wark!
He's laft um aw, to lie ith dark!

Your's &c.

T. S.

Rochdale, September 10, 1805.

The Visit of Abdollah, the African, to London.

THE first concern of Abdollah on his arrival at Tunis, was to find an Englishman to teach him the English language; and he was fortunate enough in finding one that exactly suited his purpose:—this was a young man, who had lived a year or two in a merchant's counting-house, and was on the point of returning to England to establish a mercantile connexion; and the terms offered by Abdollah were sufficient to induce him to quit all other employments for his new office. The chief embarrassment with the Englishman was, that he knew nothing of grammar, and had never been a teacher; but neither of these points weighed at all with Abdollah, who had learned several languages, and had by experience discovered how little useful the grammars, as they are generally drawn up, are to the learner, whatever they may be to an adept in the language.

His only fear was, that his teacher might have an improper pronunciation; but in this he was fortunate, for the young man, though born and bred in the east end of London, spoke English tolerably well. He could talk of his Sunday's excursion to an uncle, without complaining of the terrible *ills* of *Hampstead* and *Igate*; and carve at dinner without mangling the *ams* and the *are*, and speak of his uncle, without puzzling his hearers to know, whether he spoke of his uncle's *heart* or his *art*. He did not

not talk either like the parsons in some places, who begin their service with a—*Ven* the *vicked* man turneth *away* from his *vickedness*; and on one Sunday read a verse in the bible—*Ven* a man *vows* a *vow* unto the Lord, which, from its setting all the dogs in the church a barking, is called the bow wow Sunday. For his freedom from these and similar improprieties in speech, he was indebted to a sister, who had never been at a boarding school; and yet from common observation, reading, and good sense, had discovered, that a word beginning with an b, was to be pronounced differently from one without it, and that v is not w. When she had discovered these important facts, which were secrets to most of her neighbours, she told them to her brother, who not only was convinced, but took such pains, that in less than three months he corrected himself of the ill habits to which he had been used from his infancy.

But another difficulty occurred.—The Englishman could speak only his own language, and a little Moorish, of which his scholar knew not a word; but this did not perplex Abdollah, whose experience taught him, that in a very short time the words of any language may be learned. Here the Jew was also of assistance: for, when the Englishman produced the only book he had, which was the Bible, the Jew, on his interpreting the first verse into Moorish, found the correspondence between it and the first verse of his law, and learned for the first time that the English had a religion. Thus Abdollah began very successfully: the Englishman translated his words into Moorish, and the Jew gave them to Abdollah in his own language; and before the end of the month, Abdollah read the first chapter of the Bible with tolerable fluency, and understood its contents. He could also tell the names in English of the most familiar objects around him; and when he went with his instructor on board ship, he could enter a little into conversation with him, and understood tolerably well what was passing at table.

Their voyage was rather tedious: the first part, 'till they left the coast of Africa, was favoured with pleasant breezes and fine weather; the latter part was foggy and squally. As they approached the English channel, the account of the coast of Europe seemed to be realized. They had not seen the sun for many days, and a fog or cloudy weather accompanied them, 'till the vessel came to her moorings at Blackwall. It was one of those days, which sometimes happen in London, when the smoke is accumulated to a great height over the town, and all the narrow streets are in a state of darkness. On such a day Abdollah was landed near the Tower, and conveyed by his instructor to the house of a merchant, in one of the narrow lanes near Thames-street.

The mansion was a very excellent one, and the stranger was accommodated with the best apartments in it; but his entry had

had been made through the counting-house, where all the clerks were writing by candle-light; and though it was ten o'clock in the morning, in the month of November, the candles were necessary on the breakfast-table in the drawing-room —Abdollah was very anxious to discover the cause of this phenomenon: but in spite of the gloom, which the weather had impressed him with, he felt his heart cheered by the kind attention of his hostess, and her two fair daughters; and he could not but flatter himself with the idea, that though nature had been very sparing in her bounty to the country, the inhabitants had found many methods to remedy its defects. He was particularly struck with the neatness, and even elegance, that reigned in the apartment; the modest deportment of the ladies, though their dress seemed to indicate a very different character; the propriety with which every thing was served up, and the good behaviour of the servants. Above all things, the fire-place excited his admiration, and the brightness of the fire-utensils, notwithstanding the dirt of the mineral, which gave warmth to the room, convinced him that there must be a superior degree of civilization to what he had expected.

The darkness was scarcely in some degree dispelled, when there poured down torrents of rain; and candles introduced again about three o'clock, led Abdollah to imagine that natural light was a very scarce commodity, and the day of short duration in this country. He had, however, sufficient objects to attract his attention around him, and notwithstanding the badness of the climate, he found it possible to spend a day very pleasantly, though he never went out of the house. The next day, which was nearly as dark as the preceding, was employed in getting the goods cleared at the custom-house, to which place Abdollah went with his instructor; and the hurry, and confusion, and noise, which assailed him, both in getting to, and transacting his business at the place, began to disturb a little his natural tranquillity; and the account first given to him of the barbarous manners of the country, returned very forcibly to his mind.

He could not indeed help observing to his instructor, on their escape in Thames-street from being jammed between some carts, and knocked down by some brutal carmen, that much of that inconvenience might be remedied, by only widening the streets: and, when he came to the custom-house, and saw the river before him, he wondered that there was not a walk on its banks, by which they might have come to such a place of business with less trouble. The Englishman could not give any information on these heads, but was content with shewing him the long-room, and pointing out to him the bridge, which was noted down as an object for the next day's walk, and Abdollah rejoiced in

leaving a place of riot so little adapted to his feelings, and returning to the mansions of hospitality.

The next day his guide was to carry him, according to the preceding determination, to London-bridge; but unfortunately making a little round, exposed the African philosopher to a number of unpleasing incidents. On turning round the corner of a street, he narrowly escaped being tossed by an overdriven ox, and his heels were in an instant after tripped up by one of the drivers. The laughs that were excited on seeing him roll in the kennel, did not impress him with the most favourable notions of the moral character of the English; but a hackney-coach was at hand, and he and his guide stepped into it, and returned back to their apartments. There Abdollah soon cleaned himself, and was preparing to go on his intended expedition, but he found that he could scarcely walk, and a surgeon, who had been sent for, on examining him, insisted on his staying for some time in the house, and submitting to be treated methodically. Abdollah submitted, and was confined to the house for three weeks. His fair companions solaced him for his misfortunes, and he made rapid advances under their care and instruction in the English language.

The sun at the end of these three weeks appeared, and they would have recommended Abdollah to move out only in a coach: but the philosopher, who wished to see every thing, could not be prevailed on to make use of this mode of conveyance. No accident occurred this time in their way to the bridge, where the African and his companion saw, as is usual, the people running from one side to the other to see the barges enter, and shoot out from the arch. This sight equally attracted the attention of the philosopher, and regardless of the structure of the bridge, he was occupied solely in looking at the barges. The water was running down, and Abdollah was looking down the river, expecting a barge to shoot from the arch under him, when a sudden scream told the fatal story, and a boat was seen to overset, with persons clinging to it, whilst others were combating with the waves for their lives, or sinking in the waters. In an instant boats came from all quarters. Abdollah saw them taking up the objects in distress, and among them appeared a female without symptoms of life, carried by a boat to the Southwark-side of the bridge. The croud naturally went to that quarter. Abdollah and his companion followed, and by means of the latter, they both gained admission to the public-house, in which the body was deposited. They saw it laid out apparently dead; when soon after came a surgeon with his assistants, and going very methodically to work, and following well-known rules, they restored the suspended animation, and the lady, in the course of a few hours, was able to walk to her carriage, to be conveyed to her own house. Abdollah was

a silent spectator of the whole of this transaction, and he returned home deep in thought, not knowing which most to admire, the want of precaution in exposing people to be drowned, or the ingenuity manifested in recovering them from the danger to which they had been exposed.

Interesting Detail of the valourous Conduct of the late Lord Nelson, and the present Lord Collingwood, in the memorable Action off Cape St. Vincent, in 1797.

By Captain Schomberg, of the Navy.

ON the 11th of February, 1797, Commodore Nelson, in La Minerve frigate, fell in with, and was chased by the Spanish fleet off the mouth of the Straits; he fortunately effected his escape, and joined Sir John Jervis on the 13th; on which day he shifted his flag on board the Captain, of 74 guns. On that night they approached so near the British fleet, that their signal guns were distinctly heard. The admiral, therefore, made the signal to prepare for battle, and at day-break on the 14th they were formed in the most perfect order of sailing in two lines. [Here is recited the commencement of the action, and the skilful manœuvre by which Sir John Jervis cut off a part of the enemy's squadron from its main body.] About twelve o'clock a signal was made for the British fleet to tack in succession, and soon after the signal for again passing the enemy's line, while the Spanish admiral's design appeared to be to join the ships to leeward by wearing round the rear of the British line. The intention of the enemy was, however, soon perceived by Commodore Nelson, whose station in the rear afforded him an opportunity of observing this manœuvre. In order to frustrate the design, he had no sooner passed the Spanish rear, than he wore, and stood on the other tack towards the enemy.

In executing this bold and decisive manœuvre, the commodore found himself alongside of the Spanish admiral in the Santissima Trinidada, of 136 guns. Notwithstanding this immense disparity, the gallant officer did not shrink from the contest, though the Spaniard was ably supported by her two seconds a-head and a-stern, each of which was a three decker. While he sustained, however, this unequal conflict, his friends were eagerly pressing to his assistance; the enemy's attention was soon directed to the Culloden, Captain Troubridge, and the Blenheim, Captain Frederick: the able support afforded to Commodore Nelson by these vessels, and the fast approach of Rear-Admiral Parker with his division, determined the Spanish admiral to relinquish his design of rejoining his ships

to leeward, and to make the signal for his main body to haul their wind, and make sail on the larboard tack.

In the confusion of their retreat, several of the Spanish ships had doubled on each other. It was therefore Admiral Jervis's plan to reach the weathermost of these ships; then to bear up, and rake them all in succession, with the seven ships composing his division. The casual position of the rear ships in his own division, however, prevented his executing this design; he therefore ordered the Excellent, Captain Collingwood, to bear up while he passed to leeward of the rearmost ships of the enemy. Captain Collingwood, in obedience to the admiral's orders, passed the two rearmost ships of the enemy, and gave one of them, the St. Isidore, so effectual a broadside, that having been much injured before, she was obliged to submit. The Excellent then passed on to the relief of Commodore Nelson in the Captain, who was closely engaged with a Spanish three-decker, bearing the flag of an admiral; but before Captain Collingwood could arrive, the Spaniard's mizen-mast fell overboard, and she got entangled with her second, the St. Nicholas, a ship of 84 guns. In this state the commodore resolved on a bold and decisive measure, and determined, whatever might be the event, to attempt his opponent sword in hand: the boarders were directed to be ready, and orders given to lay his ship on board the enemy! Fortune was not, on this occasion, unmindful of her favourite. R. W. Miller, the commodore's captain, so judiciously directed the course of his ship, that he laid her aboard the starboard quarter of the Spanish 84, her foresail yard passing over the enemy's poop, and hooking in her mizen shrouds; when the word to board being given, the officers and seamen destined for this perilous duty, headed by Lieutenant Berry, together with the detachment of the 69th regiment, then doing duty as marines, passed with rapidity on board the enemy's ship, and in a short time the St. Nicholas was in possession of her intrepid assailant!

The commodore's ardour would not admit him to remain an inactive spectator of the scene: he was aware the attempt was hazardous, and he thought his presence might animate his brave companions, and contribute to the success of the bold enterprize: he therefore, as if by magic impulse, accompanied the party in this attack, passing from the fore chains of his own ship into the enemy's quarter gallery, and thence through the cabin to the quarter-deck, where he arrived in time to receive the sword of the dying commander, who had been mortally wounded by the boarders. He had not been long employed in taking the necessary measures to secure his hard-earned conquest, when he found himself engaged in a more arduous task. The stern of the three-decker, his former opponent, was placed directly a midships of the weather-bow of the prize San

Nicholas, and from her poop and galleries the enemy sorely annoyed with musketry the British who had boarded the San Nicholas.

The commodore was not long resolving on the conduct to be adopted upon this momentous occasion: the two alternatives that presented themselves to his unshaken mind were, to quit the prize, or instantly board the three decker also. Confident in the bravery of his seamen, he determined on the latter. Directing, therefore, an additional number of men to be sent from the Captain on board the San Nicholas, the undaunted commodore, whom no danger ever appalled, headed himself the assailants in the new attack, exclaiming, "Westminster Abbey! for glorious victory!"—Success in a few minutes, with little loss, crowned the enterprize. Such, indeed, was the panic occasioned by his preceding conduct, that the British no sooner appeared on the quarter-deck of their new opponent, than the commandant advanced, and asking for the British commanding officer, dropped on one knee, and presented his sword, apologising at the same time for the Spanish admiral's not appearing, as he was dangerously wounded. For a moment Commodore Nelson could scarcely persuade himself of this second instance of good fortune; he therefore ordered the Spanish commandant, who had the rank of brigadier, to assemble the officers on the quarter-deck, and direct means to be taken instantly to communicate to the crew the surrender of the ship. All the officers immediately appeared, and the commodore had the surrender of the San Josef duly confirmed, by each of them delivering up his sword.

To the EDITOR of the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SIR,

AS much pleasing information and useful knowledge is often conveyed by your publication, permit me to offer you the following for insertion, if you think it merits it.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
PERAMBULATOR.

DR. FOX's ASYLUM *for* LUNATICS.

TRAVELLING lately from Bath to Bristol, my attention was drawn by a large building, or rather buildings, soon after I left Keynsham. It appeared to me like a newly formed street. On enquiring of the coachman, he told me it belonged to Dr. Fox, of Bristol, and that its structure was a peculiar one, and well

well worth inspection. I therefore requested to be put down at the gate leading to the premises.

On my entering, I found one very large centre house, with three others at each end, of lesser dimensions. As I found orders had been given that no one was to be admitted, it was with some difficulty I obtained it; but I can scarcely explain to you my astonishment at seeing such large piles of building, constructed of nothing but stone and iron, the expence of which appeared to me to be immense. The almost impossibility of such a structure struck me so forcibly, I could not believe it until permitted to examine it very minutely. The offices are under and arched, which supports a stone floor above; the next floor is supported by iron joists of a peculiar construction, and so contrived as to support the floors above, consisting of lime and sand made as hard as marble.

The stairs, the doors, the sash windows, and chimney-pieces, are all made of cast iron. The jams of the doors are of Bath stone. The roofs of the houses consist of iron rafters, covered with a composition which perfectly resists wet. There are extensive gardens and walks surrounding the premises, and its situation is delightful, both in point of prospect and aspect. After viewing this extraordinary structure, I was induced to enquire into the cause of it, when I was told, that for a great number of years Dr. Fox has had an asylum near Bristol, called Clevehill, for the reception and cure of insane patients, the success of which institution has procured the doctor much fame. It has for some time dwelt much on his mind, the dreadful effects that would ensue from this asylum taking fire, when it would be impossible to extricate from the flames so many scores of our fellow creatures not possessing reason sufficient to avoid the danger, or perhaps would even resist assistance, when offered them.

Viewing such a calamitous event as possible, and the horrid consequences that would ensue, has induced the doctor to erect this costly, but most useful structure. It is situated in the parish of Brislington, near the village.

Copy of a Manifesto which has lately been printed in the German Language, and circulated on the Continent.

ENGLAND has not provoked the bloody contest which now extends over the whole continent of Europe; and if she has patiently and silently endured so long the virulent and unjust accusations heaped upon her by France, it is because she conceived it unbecoming her dignity to notice assertions destitute of proof, and conveyed in terms of insulting, self-arrogated superiority.

periority. At a moment, however, when her troops are about to join those of other nations, equally as herself outraged by the unjust menaces and aggressions of France, she conceives it was no longer prudent in her to delay exposing to all Europe, but chiefly to France itself, the undisguised causes whish have induced her to call forth the loyalty of her inhabitants, and the valour of her troops. These causes originate not in ambitious views on her part, or, as France would have it, in perfidious violation of treaties, because those treaties were found to militate against her interests; but in the deep designing restless ambition of a man, whose sole occupation seems to be conquest, and whose every action testifies disregard to the common observances among men.

When England, penetrated with a proper sense of the miseries a long and doubtful war had entailed upon her inhabitants, consented to accept even a disadvantageous peace, she prepared with fidelity to execute every article of the treaty, and the most undeniable proof of her sincerity was given by a complete dismantlement of her ships, and a general disbandage of her troops; all the warlike stores were sold without reserve, and even the barracks were disfurnished of every article of use or comfort.

Such was the actual state of Great Britain a very few months after the definitive treaty of Amiens had been ratified by the several parties;—nay, so unsuspicious was England of any impediment taking place to the hoped for blessing, that even pending the negociation, she consented to France sending over to St. Domingo an immense force, both in troops and shipping, and which any crooked policy on her own part would undoubtedly have thrown on her defenceless West India possessions.

One point alone remained to be settled, the evacuation of Malta, a place of no importance to England, unless at war with France, but of incalculable magnitude once occupied by that restless power. To guard against the possibility of such an event, England required its neutrality to be guaranteed by both Russia and Austria; and until this arrangement could take place, she prudently refused to evacuate the fortress. France, on her part, pressed with a suspicious impatience the fulfilment of this part of the treaty of Amiens, and while she arrogantly and loudly exacted what she termed her right, she did not even attempt to disguise her own views on the independency of this impregnable island. All Europe has witnessed the successive encroachments of France on the rights of independent nations—every month annexed to her dominions some fresh accession of dignity and power, not only thereby merely aggrandizing herself, but weakening to an alarming degree those states, from which alone a just and due balance of power could be expected. At

no period of the history of France were her resources so immense as at the termination of last war. All Brabant, Savoy, a considerable part of Germany, were annexed for ever to her crown. He who wore it a mighty conqueror, at the head of an obedient and numerous army, seemed to be left without a hope or a wish unframed or ungratified. Peace was his prisoner, the arts courted his smiles, and offered full fruition to his mandates.

Such was the proud state of France at the conclusion of the war. Let us now turn a hasty view on the situation of other powers. Austria humbled, and almost ruined, entertained not a wish to renew the war; Russia was in amity with France; Prussia almost her ally; the weak powers feared and courted her; England, as has been seen, seriously prepared to enjoy the blessings of peace.

Switzerland, Holland, and Piedmont, all Italy indeed, demanded only to be left to their own internal regulations; their independence could not injure France; their enmity could only lead to their own destruction. Such was the state of Europe; when, with a wanton tyranny, unparalleled in the history of Europe, Bonaparte seized on all these nations, and imposed on them his own iron yoke. He did more; under the pretence of sending commercial agents to the powers with which he had just signed a peace, he introduced engineers to take soundings of her ports, and plans of her coasts; then, and not 'till then, England took alarm; and when the well-known mission of Sebastiani to Egypt was made public, what before had only been a strong suspicion, became at once indisputable proof to the nations of Europe.

To the inhabitants of France we submit it, could England do less than arm; her commerce restricted and refused, her interior tampered with, the terms of the treaty virtually infringed, her very existence threatened, she had no alternative but abject submission, or unequal war She chose the latter, and God has crowned her efforts to preserve her liberty and her honour. Let then the world at large judge, on what motives France is at present at war with the whole of the continental powers; while, at the same time, Frenchmen will do well to reflect, whether it is for their honour or their happiness, to support the continuance of a war, merely to gratify the inordinate ambition of one man, who sets at nought the lives and liberties of the great nation over whose destinies he rules, provided their sacrifice is the consummation of his unjust and frantic desires. England, so constantly accused of being the sole promoter of the war, so unworthily and unjustly charged with the perpetration of crimes so foreign to the character stamped upon her great renown, scruples not to declare that her sword will be sheathed the very first moment that France disavows the right of meddling with

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the political relations of neutral independent states, and confines herself to such limits as are compatible with the freedom of other nations; but while she continues to manifest her exorbitant pretensions, unfounded as unacknowledged, England will employ with a lavish hand all that gold (so much the envy of France, and the fair produce of her labour and her skill) to support the tottering and assailed liberties of mankind. Without a wish for aggrandizement, she fights only for independence and security; and if France is animated, as she says she is, with similar views, peace is in her hands.

ANECDOTES *of the great* EARL *of* SANDWICH.

EDWARD MONTAGU, the first earl of Sandwich, was the son of Sir Sidney Montagu, of Huntingdonshire, and was born in July, 1625. At the early age of 18 he was commissioned by the parliament, in the civil wars, in the reign of Charles I. to raise a regiment, which he completed with such dispatch, that in the following year, he distinguished himself at the head of it, particularly at the battle of Marston-Moor.

Though he took so active a part with the parliament, at the commencement of the civil war, yet, when he found that the army aimed at the annihilation of the regal power, he opposed their proceedings in parliament, being a representative for Huntingdonshire, and, at length, withdrew himself from the house. He was, however, one of the famous council of fifteen; and, before he was 30 years of age, he was joined with Desborough to execute the office of high admiral of England; soon after, he was united with the illustrious Blake, in the command of the fleet.

On the death of Cromwell, his moderate principles led him to wish the re-establishment of monarchy; and, accordingly, he soon, by means of his influence in the fleet, became one of the chief agents in the restoration, for which important service, the king created him earl of Sandwich.

From this period, he applied himself principally to naval affairs, and was appointed to high commands, on several occasions of equal honour and importance. He commanded the fleet which brought the king from Holland to Great Britain, and was soon after employed on nearly a similar occasion, that of commanding the squadron destined to escort the queen (Catherine of Portugal) to England; and, at the same time, to take possession of Tangiers, a part of the marriage portion of her Majesty. He afterwards greatly distinguished himself in several naval actions with the Dutch, particularly in the memorable engagement off Solebay, in which he fought with a degree of bra-

very and desperation, unparalleled in the records of the English marine. The earl had a magnificent public funeral; and was interred in Henry the VIIth's chapel. The late John earl of Sandwich, who, for several years presided at the board of admiralty, and seemed to inherit a considerable portion of his talents, was the 4th of the title, and the 5th lineal descendant of this great man.

REMARKS *on the* WRITINGS *of* POPE.

POPE seems generally supposed to have obtained the scheme of his Essay on Man from Lord Bolingbroke. Johnson affirms, that Pope merely harmonized the ideas of that able and witty nobleman. This statement, however, I must deem erroneous. The Essay on Man as a system of ethics, is unobjectionable. One grand desideratum the devotee may find; and that is a total silence on the doctrines of revelation. All must allow Pope to be far from a man of levity. His muse in her highest flight never lifted him beyond the precincts of judgment. Can we then suppose a writer of his character capable of composing a poem of length and weight, on fundamental principles borrowed from the lectures of a friend? and on principles with whose scope and consequence he was entirely unacquainted? The Essay on Man was not the effusion of an hour; it was the labour of months; and the erudition displayed in the work, evinces the sincerity with which the author applied to his task. Is it likely that Pope, in all these periods of application, could be so shallow as not to discover the tendency of the arguments he adopted?

But he wrote letters of acknowledgment to Warburton, and complimented him on understanding the poem better even than the author? Granted.—But was not a love of finesse a leading feature in the character of the bard of Twickenham? In the most trivial occurrence was he not sedulous to practice stratagem, and accomplish his object by small arts and trickery?—If I am wrong, Johnson has misled me.

It appears probable that the poem met with so general an outcry from the most consequential of Pope's friends, that he was delighted with any sophistry which could shield him from the clamour. A champion of no mean consideration he met with in Warburton; and the embryo bishop of Gloucester was valued and remunerated accordingly.

I am aware that some may deem an investigation of Pope's principles superfluous; and that others may wish the pious misrepresentation of his opinions to remain unshaken; but surely truth is precious in every shape.

Pope

Pope was educated under the roof of fervent Roman Catholics. Johnson observes that the Roman religion is the frequent home of unbelievers, since all are likely to fly from doubt and perplexity to the certainty held out by an immaculate church: the reverse may sometimes be the case; and the ardent mind emancipated from the narrow channels of prejudice and superstition, may seek refuge in the opposite extreme: disgusted with wonders, it may reject probabilities.

The Universal Prayer of our poet does not convey the idea of a simple and contented faith. Pope never paid attention to the ceremonials of religion. With what an appearance of art does he observe in his reply to M. Racine, who had charged him publicly with supporting the tenets of Spinoza and Leibnitz, "that he shall always esteem it an honour to *submit his private opinions*, in imitation of the archbishop of Cambray, to the church of which he professed himself a member!"

When dying, he was asked if he did not wish to close life in the faith of his father and mother, and go through those forms judged essential by the Roman church. His reply argued extreme indifference: "It *was of no consequence*, but they could do no harm."

B. N.

AMERICAN LOCUSTS.

A Writer in the Philosoplical Transactions relates, that, about the middle of the seventeenth century, there were such swarms of these insects, that, in New England, for the space of two hundred miles, they poisoned and destroyed all the trees of that colony. Innumerable holes were seen in the ground, out of which they had broke forth in the form of *larvæ*, or maggots. "These (he says) being turned into winged insects, had a kind of tail or sting, which they stuck into the tree, and thereby envenomed and killed it."

In this last particular the writer is not altogether correct. The female insects do pierce the tender branches of trees with the dart at the posterior extremity of their bodies, depositing their eggs in the holes they thus form. But it is by the great voracity of these insects in actually devouring the foliage that the most serious injuries are committed.

A REFLECTION.

AN affectionate and mild behaviour to our relatives and neighbours will not only make them but ourselves happy, and tend to maintain a blessed tranquility of mind.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE life of the late heroic Lord Nelson was providentially saved by Lieutenant Nisbet, his son-in-law, on the disastrous night when he lost his arm at Teneriffe. The admiral received his wound soon after the detachment had landed, and while they were pressing on with the usual ardour of British seamen, the shock caused him to fall to the ground, where, for some minutes, he was left to himself, until Mr. Nisbet, missing him, had the presence of mind to return; when, after some search in the dark, he at length found his brave father-in-law weltering in his blood on the ground, with his arm shattered, and himself apparently lifeless. Mr. Nisbet having immediately applied his neck-handkerchief as a tourniquet to the admiral's arm, carried him on his back to the beach, where, with the assistance of some sailors, he conveyed him into one of the boats, and put off to the Theseus, under a tremendous, though ill-directed fire, from the enemy's battery.

The next day, after the rear-admiral had lost his arm, he wrote to Lady Nelson, and, in narrating the foregoing transactions, said, "I know it will add much to your pleasure, in finding that your son, Josiah, under God's providence, was instrumental in saving my life." The painful operation of amputating the arm being performed in the night, by some mistake in taking up the arteries, the rear-admiral suffered the most excruciating pains, and was obliged to come to England for advice.

Providence seems to have preserved this illustrious character on purpose to render his country the most important services, and finally to die gloriously, when fighting in its defence.

Answer, by Triangularius, of Eversholt School, to Arion's Question, inserted July 15.

FIRST 6+8+11=25 oranges; suppose there were 10 left, then 6+5=11, and 8+11+5=24÷2=12, which should have been but 11, therefore is 1 in excess. Again, suppose 45 oranges, then will the supposition be found as above 1,5 in defect. Now as the errors are of different kinds or affections, therefore, according to the rule in position, it will be the sum of the products by the sum of the errors, =39 oranges, or the whole; so that each person received 13 oranges.

☞ We have received similar answers from W. Giles, and J. Avard, pupils in Mr. Chivers's school at St. Austell; Thomas Adey, of Poole; W. Gard, of Gittisham; J. Channon, of Ottery; and R. Maffett, of Plymouth.

Answer, by T. Wotton, of Newton Bushel, to W. Bickham's Anagram, inserted September 30.

ROE is a beast that's in the forest found,
And thus I do your anagram expound.

☞ We have received similar answers from J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; Palemon, of Mevagissey; a north county sailor at Exmouth; Sylvanus, of Awliscombe; J. Lewis, of Poole; Devoniensis; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; and Corporal Ninnis, of St. Agnes.

Answer, by J. Woodman, Jun. of North Curry, to J. Channon's Charade, inserted September 30.

AN EARTHQUAKE sure is dreadful to relate,
Lord keep us free from such a dreadful fate!

†§† We have received the like answer from T. Wotton, of Newton Bushel; Palemon, of Mevagissey; R. Perring, of Kingsbridge; a north country sailor at Exmouth; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; W. Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; Adrianus; G. A. Arden, of South Petherton; W. Pollard, of Egloshayle; Sylvanus, of Awliscombe; J. Lewis, of Poole; Devoniensis; W. Gregory; and W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey.

Answer, by G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton, to G. Hann's Rebus, inserted September 30.

I Soon espied on the ground
The herb, I think you mean, HOREHOUND.

§†§ We have received the like answer from J. Lewis, of Poole; a north country sailor at Exmouth; R. Perring, of Kingsbridge; Palemon, of Mevagissey; Sylvanus, of Awliscombe; Devoniensis; and T. Bullock, of St. Columb.

A CHARADE, *by R. Trewavas, of Mousehole.*

TO please a boy,
My first's a toy;
My second's sometimes pale:
My whole from far
Oft sends Jack Tar,
Swell'd by each spicy gale.

A CHARADE, *by T. Bullock, of St. Columb.*

AMIDST the sun's resplendent beam,
War's emblazon'd weapons gleam:
Amongst the dread destructive train,
You need not seek my first in vain.
Go to yonder beauteous mead,
In spring's enlivening vest array'd;
And there, beneath the glistening dew,
You may my beauteous second view.
In foreign lands my whole is found,
In England too it doth abound:
And with it many, 'tis well known,
Destroy men's lives to save their own.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Addressed to Lord St. Vincent, on the Death of his much-loved Friend.

"How are the MIGHTY fallen, and the Weapons of War perish'd."—
2 Sam. c. 1. v. 27.

O GOD! we own thy mighty pow'r,
To thee all praise be given!
Thou gav'st us NELSON! Hail blest hour!
To act the will of Heaven!
With joyful sound
Our victory's crown'd;
The foe with impious fury burns.

Awake, awake, each gallant band!
O think what joy is given;
Brave NELSON sav'd his native land,
Then breath'd his soul to Heaven!
With joyful sounds
Our isle rebounds,
And Britain's foe our glory mourns.

Plymouth, November 9, 1805. JANE WEBB.

THOUGHTS ON WINTER.

WHEN rugged winter's cold and icy hand
Has veil'd those beauties that bid nature smile;
When desolation stalks around the land,
And all creation's deaden'd for a while;

'Tis sweet to view the sadly pleasing scene,
T' indulge the prospect of the mental eye;
With sober contemplation's eye to ken
This mournful picture of mortality.

When the sweet rose lies blasted on the ground,
Its leaves soon wither, and its beauties fade,
Still its last dying sweets it breathes around
Still blushes midst the havoc winter's made.

Thus, O my soul, when the cold seal of death,
With dewy stamp, has clos'd these lingering eyes,
Thus may I glad resign my fleeting breath,
And smiling bid thee seek thy native skies.

Thus must we mortals yield to death severe,
When comes that dreadful, unexpected hour;
Thus from the social tie that binds us here,
Must drop, as from the stem the wither'd flower.

Then shall oblivion, with her sister band,
Darkness and silence, hover round the tomb,
In sad indissoluble union join'd,
While I forgotten sleep in earth's cold womb.

Within

Within my breast alas! no heavenly flame,
No spark of genius sheds its inward ray,
To snatch from death's cold jaws my humble name,
And bid it flourish in eternal day.

Not curst ambition's love shall me persuade,
Nor glory prompt me, to disperse the gloom
That ever with increasing, thickening shade,
Gathers in darkening clouds around the tomb.

Shall the loud wintry blast for ever roar,
For ever ravage this deserted vale?
Shall the stem raise the blasted flower no more,
No more the flower its wonted sweets exhale?

Ah! yes: how sweetly when the spring renews
The joyous year, and bids the flowers revive;
How shall the rose expand her blushing hues?
How wake the embryo blossom into life!

And man again from earth shall raise his head;
For one long wintry season death shall sway,
One long, long night, shall darken o'er the dead,
But O how glorious is the dawning day!

What joys shall that new opening spring produce,
That rising morn, that long-expected light,
(As every joy grows sweeter from disuse)
That ends the horrors of so sad a night!

That heavenly star dispers'd the lowering night,
That superstition gather'd o'er the earth,
Shall burst at once upon our wondering sight,
The heavenly children of a second birth.

The hand that rais'd the humble and the low,
That from the widow's eyes wip'd off the tear;
That mov'd the veil from stern religion's brow,
And made her in a milder form appear:

That hand that rais'd meek virtue's drooping head,
That in her cheek reviv'd the virgin bloom;
That rais'd them once, again shall raise the dead,
And break the mouldering barriers of the tomb.

That voice, that heavenly voice, that rous'd mankind,
Buried in ignorance and darkness' womb;
That bade them seek that Heaven, which now they find,
Shall wake the tenants of the opening tomb.

SONNET.

AH! thou, who down life's fickle, changeful tide,
View'st thy light bark, uncheck'd, unruffled, glide,
And conscious favour'd of the partial gale,
In proud security unfurl'd thy sail!

Ah happy rare one! banish not thy breast
God's thrice bless'd prototype—humanity;
But nurse the throb that's felt for him oppress'd,
Unsunn'd by smiles of fair prosperity.

Reflect, that self-same gale which thy heart joys,
The fated child of woe's pale hope destroys;
Drives his frail bark a wreck o'er billows rude,
The varied sport of mad vicissitude.

Then glory in the tear that starts from human love;
Shew pity here, and seek repayment from above.